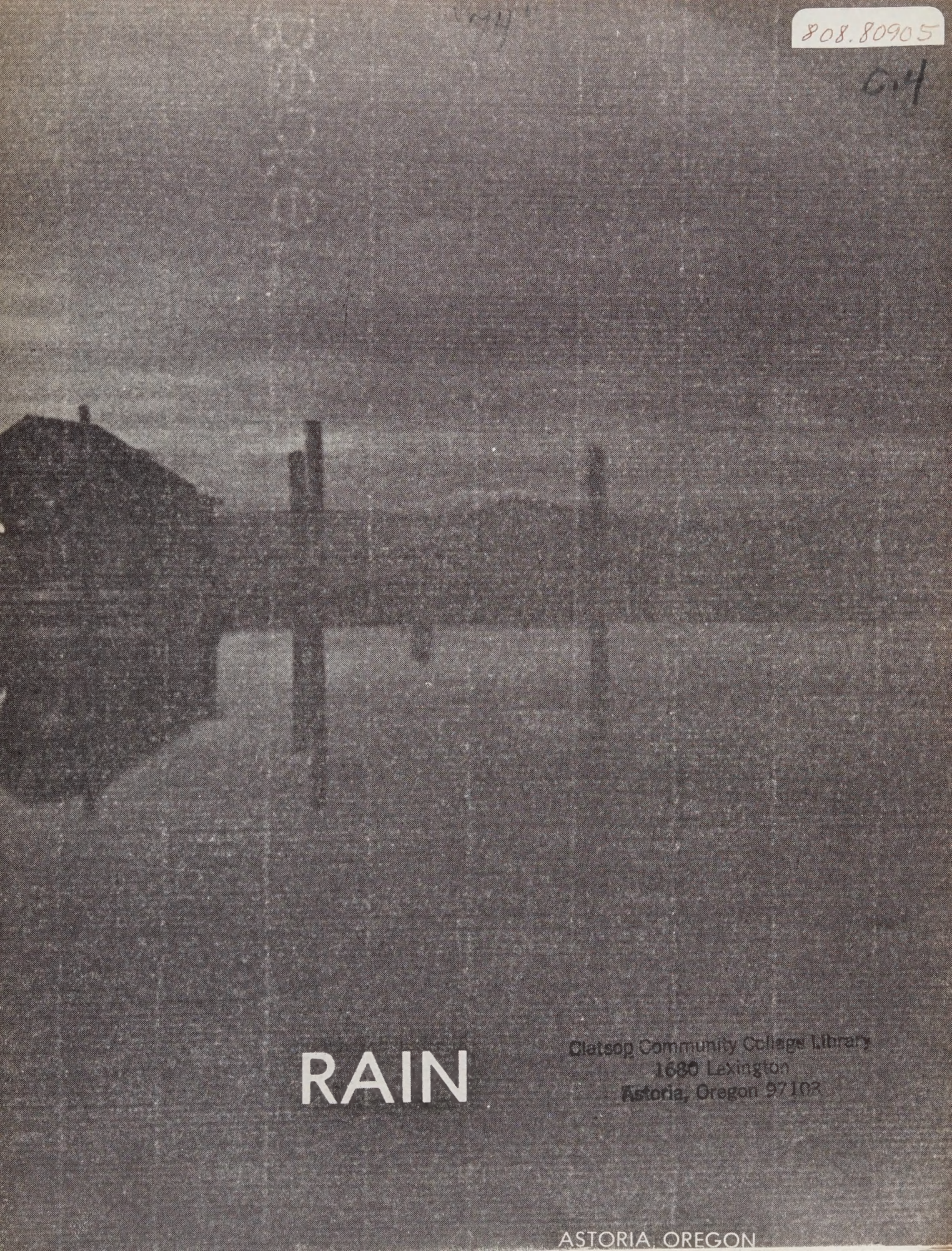


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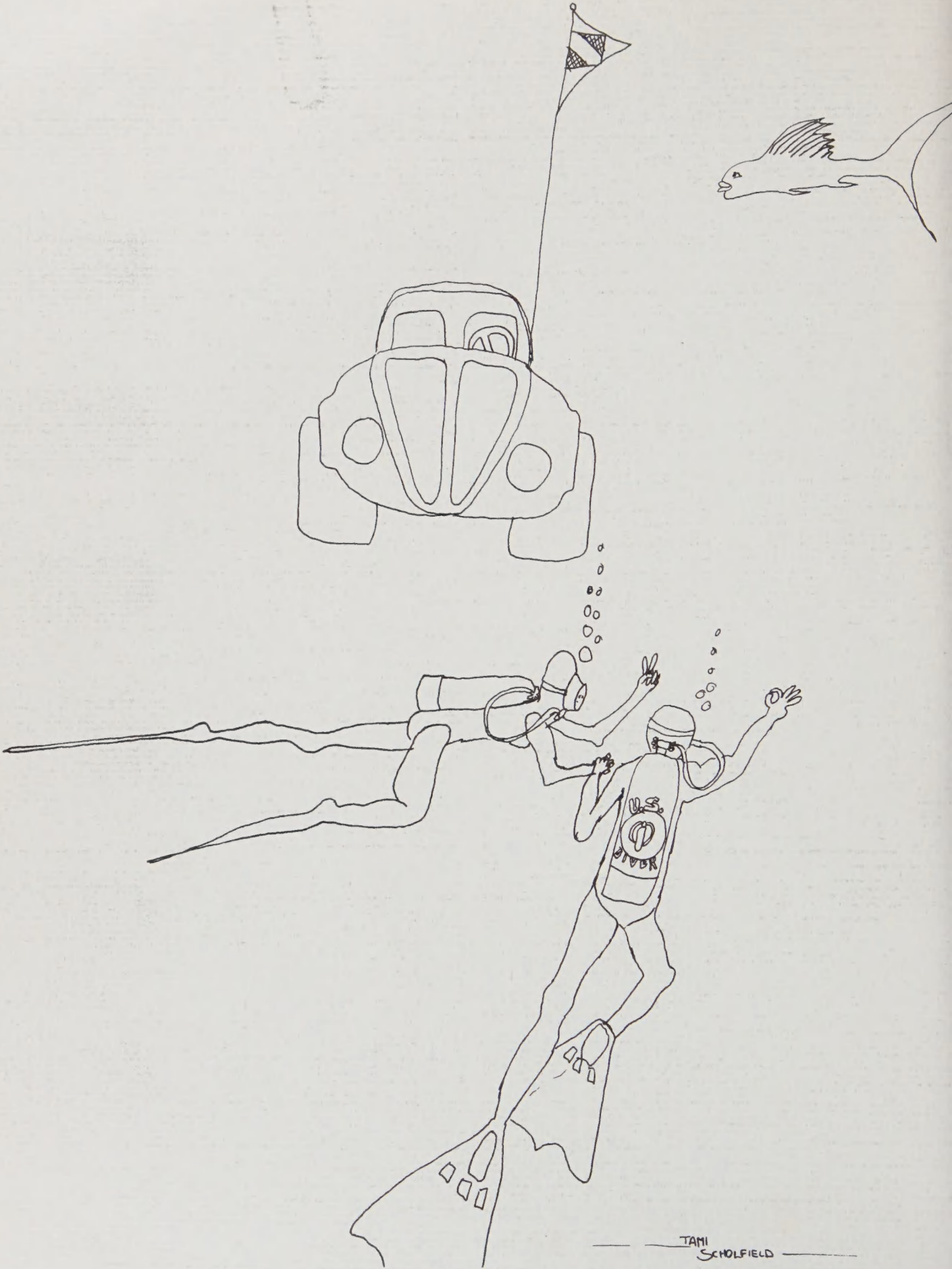
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RAIN

Clatsop Community College Library
1680 Lexington
Astoria, Oregon 97103

ASTORIA, OREGON



TAMI
SCHOLFIELD

RAIN MAGAZINE

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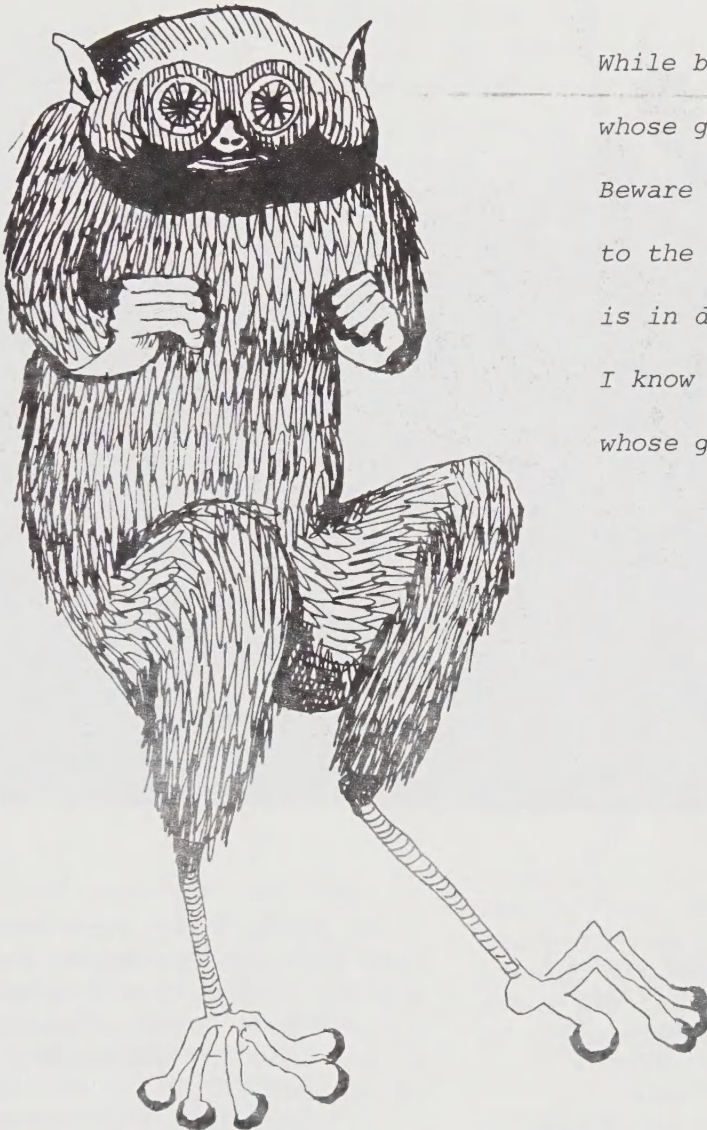
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BEWARE!



*While being ware of the man
whose god is in the skies,
Beware also the man whose god--
to the man himself--
is in disguise.
I know and trust a man
whose god is a rheumatic elf.*

Marvin White



A man in buckskin struggles through the woods, carrying his close friend, a Clatsop Indian "tamanawis" man. He is coming back from his "Searching". All his resources strain to their greatest limits as he fights to return to camp:

"'Everything...everything...
He was on his hands and knees.
'That's all,' he said.

'Crawl a ways,' Charley told him. 'Get up speed like a duck. Crawl.'

He put his left hand forward;
then the opposite knee...he was
getting forward a little bit at
a time while he was singing it
in his head and whispering it
as he crawled...

'...everything...everything
...everything...make it some
how make it somehow make it
somehow...oh God...oh God...'

move move move move move
move

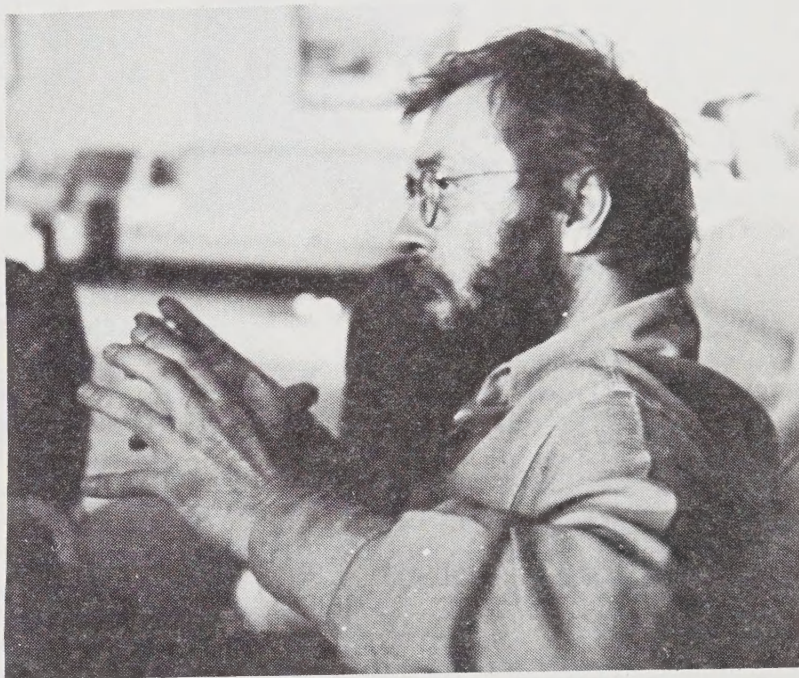
'everything...everything...
everything...'"

TRASK:

A North Coast Novel



"I realized that history . . . was a bunch of guys like me, who had done something and someone had written it down."



The Oregon Coast, 1848; a mountain man and self-discovery. This theme is brought to life expertly and in graphic detail in TRASK, a novel by Don Berry. I recently had the privilege of interviewing the author and our talk not only opened up some understanding of the workings of the book, but gave an insight to the workings of Don Berry, the man--and the two cannot be separated. Berry stated:

"The books that I wrote that were published--because I threw away sev-

eral--were books in which I did not emerge from the book the same person. There had been a change in my way of looking at the world. So what the books are, are diaries of a process of exploration."

TRASK is an excellent example of one such book. It tells the story of Elbridge Trask, a mountain man who settles on Clatsop Plains. When trapping in the mountains, he had drifted from place to place, and restlessness

had become habit. This restlessness, coupled with a sense of crowding when more settlers came in, sends him on an eventful journey. Trying to capture a bit of his former mountain life, Trask travels to the sacred mountain Neahkahnie and over, into the land of the dread Killamooks. The challenges he encounters cause him to fight to survive while painfully exploring within himself:

"He regretted nothing; wanted nothing. He was simply existing, and the way things were was the way they had always been and always would be. He didn't care anymore. He did what had to be done, and endured in a timeless present, without past or future."

"It was just out of reach the meaning of it. It was huge and dimensionless, everything and nothing together, and he realized he was on the verge of perceiving existence raw, the ultimate significance of the billion foolish particles of the world.

Although TRASK is usually regarded as historical fiction, it is much more. The historical details, such as the existence of Elbridge Trask on Clatsop Plains and the use of Coastal-Indian dialect, are blended carefully with fictional circumstances and mountain philosophy. The result is a highly believable, engrossing piece of work, reflecting Berry's views on history.

"I realized that history, which I had never studied, had no particular acquaintance with, was a bunch of guys like me, who had done something and someone had written it down.

"The fact that it (TRASK) is set in history is fairly deceptive because people have this peculiar idea that

history is real. That is not the case. All there is of history is those solid objects which remain, or traces in people's minds. That is its substance. So that even when working in what appears to be an exterior situation, one is inevitably exploring an inner state; because the only knowledge we have of an outer state is how it finally gets to be when it gets inside."

TRASK was, in a sense, Berry's future. He stated several times during our discussion that he lived--afterwards--what he had written; that he was living in the future he had created. Although TRASK was written before he actually lived there, Berry's feelings for the land are evident:

"I lived in Clatsop County for a long time. I built a cabin up in the mountains there. Clatsop County as such is an important place in my life. It is one of the places where I, my family, my clan, came into contact with the way the world is.

"I spent a hell of a lot of time in that county, in those woods, doing just exactly that; sometimes with a typewriter, sometimes with a rifle, sometimes with my feet.

"It's just part of my life. It's not a setting or anything.

"I lived there.

"And the process of writing some of the books was what taught me how I could live there. What kind of relation I could have with the land and the animals that would make sense to me and that would be meaningful.

"The majority of the county is hill-people. The people I lived with were hill-people. The existence of a place like that in the United States, in the twentieth century and everything, is more than a miracle."

Within TRASK, these feelings snap into sharp focus many times through Berry's talented use of descriptive detail:

"Trask was stunned by the miniature perfection of the cove, and it was a long moment before he raised his eyes and saw the mountain that formed the south horn of the crescent. The humpback ridge loomed a thousand feet above him, and he could not even be certain he saw the skyline at all. A streamer of cloud began at the very meeting of land and sea, and cut off the mountain's top as with a knife. As the cloud swept inland, it almost seemed to Trask the massive seaward face of the mountain moved, slowly plowing out into the gray sea like the prow of a great ship. He guessed the cliffs themselves to be five hundred feet, straight down into the turbulent boil of the white water.

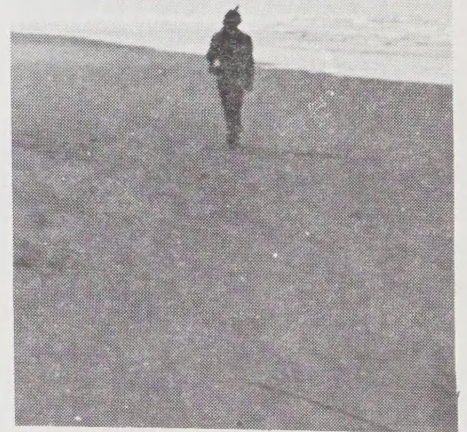
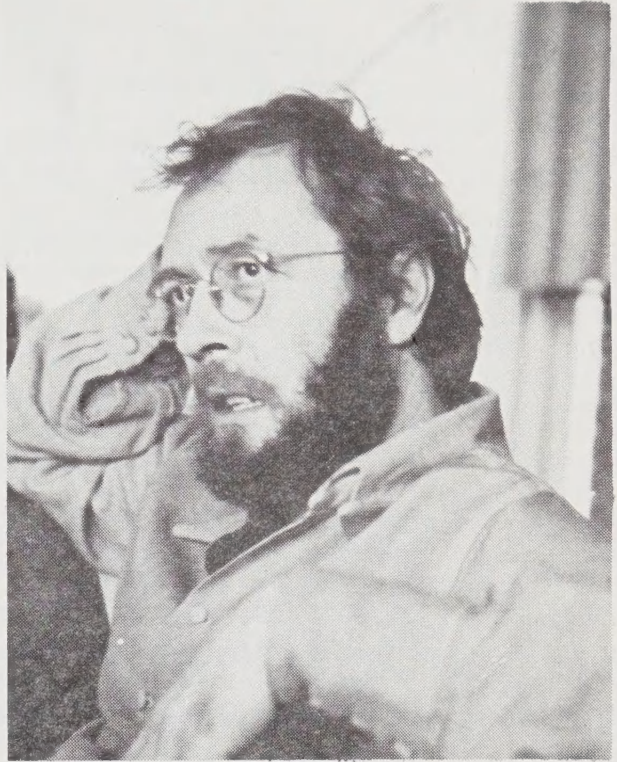
"He was not aware the others had come up to him until he heard Charley's voice.

"'Neahkahnne,' Charley said quietly. 'Where the god walks.'"

TRASK then, is a diary of exploration; historical fiction; an adventure novel. These and more.

It is a book whose detail held me in 1848 Oregon; a book which kept me passionately involved with its characters and their lives; a book which has burned itself into my mind and the minds of many. It is communication of experience at a very high level.

To read TRASK, is to become Elbridge Trask.



Doug Sheaffer

LOGGER

Afternoon activity slurred earthward.
Summer heat rolled in through sealed windows
and sent flies drumming on the stretched plastic panes.
His summer shack, turned tinderbox
crudely framed the life he claimed
to be so satisfying.
He stumbled in, grinning and cursing.
His grin was a cruel habit;
he habitually defied despair.
Three years out of high school and
his teeth were as tobacco-stained as
an old man's.
The eyes told a dread
that cursing couldn't.
His life had been pulled into a cut
by the whirling powerful chain
of father to son.
He emptied himself out with whiskey
and then set himself aside.
He slept --
a flimsy kind of death.
The flies kept popping against the plastic
to some sub-rhythmic song -- about the heat.
It might have been.

Alden Borders

NOVEMBER '70

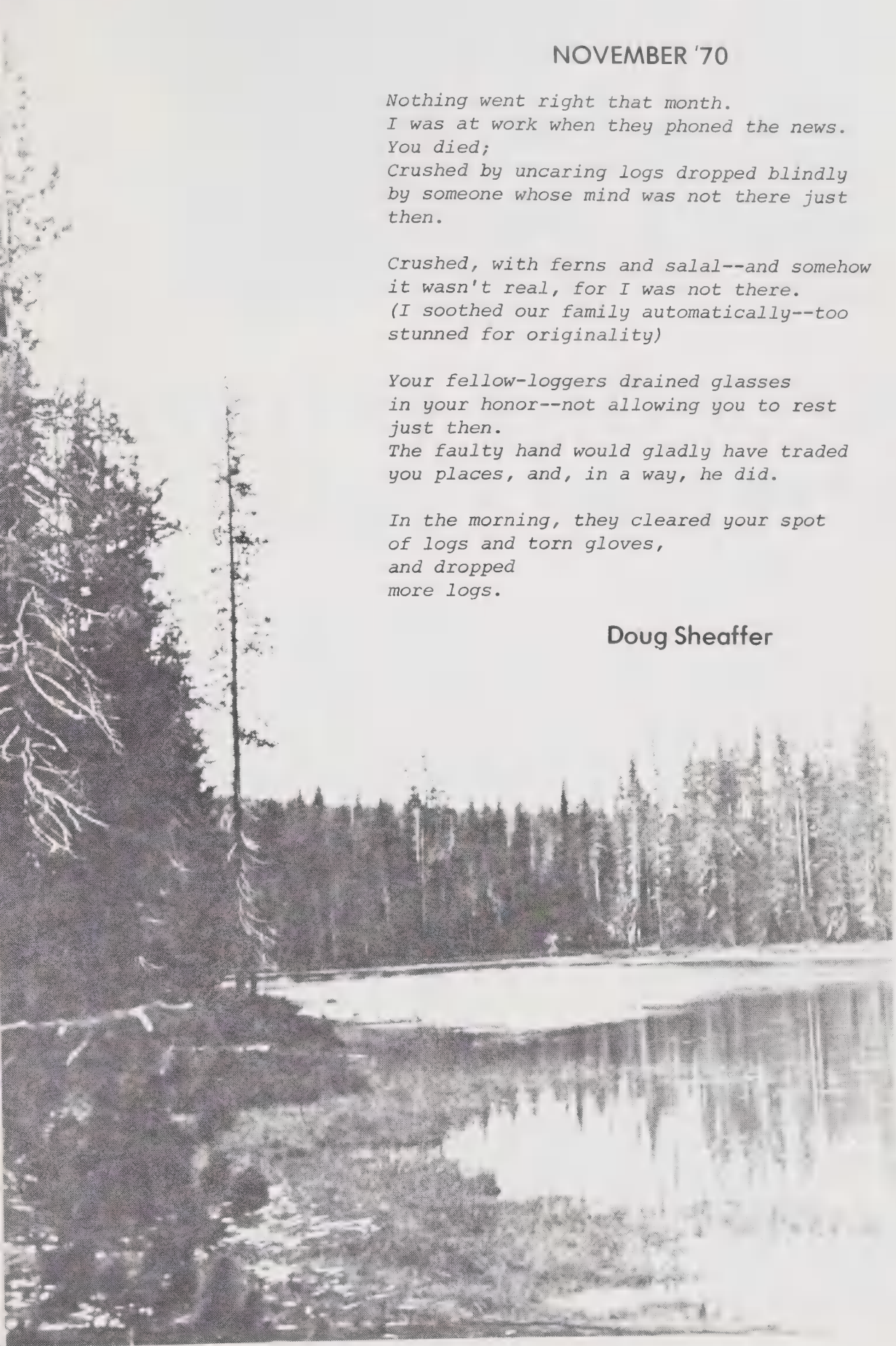
Nothing went right that month.
I was at work when they phoned the news.
You died;
Crushed by uncaring logs dropped blindly
by someone whose mind was not there just
then.

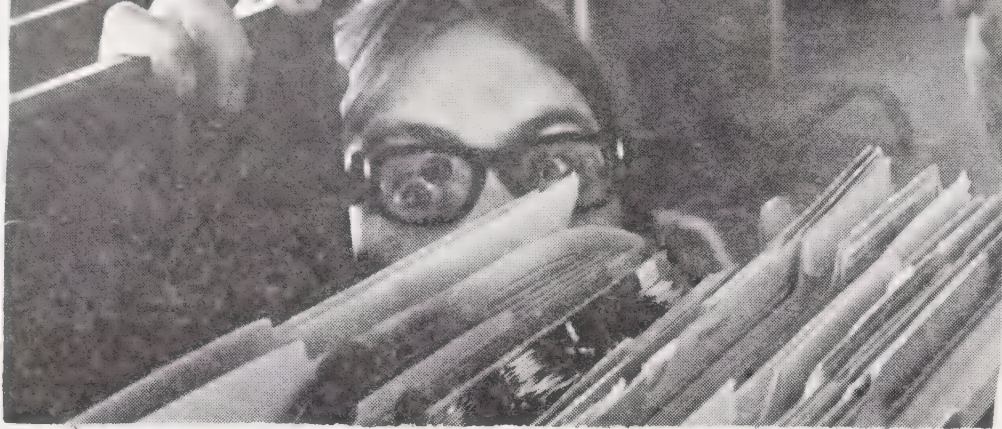
Crushed, with ferns and salal--and somehow
it wasn't real, for I was not there.
(I soothed our family automatically--too
stunned for originality)

Your fellow-loggers drained glasses
in your honor--not allowing you to rest
just then.
The faulty hand would gladly have traded
you places, and, in a way, he did.

In the morning, they cleared your spot
of logs and torn gloves,
and dropped
more logs.

Doug Sheaffer






REFLECTIONS FROM A REFERENCE DESK

The Front Line Desk Volley officer has perhaps the most crucial position in the entire operation of the library. It is his job to protect the honor of the institution from those individuals who are determined to ferret out its weaknesses in an attempt to embarrass and ultimately destroy it. These people can be recognized by their stealthy manner, manifesting itself as ignorance or shyness. It is their custom to open an attack at the desk with a totally meaningless question, often hopelessly ambiguous, designed to bewilder and shame the officer in charge (e.g. "Do you have anything on the marshmallows of UNICEF?"). When under such attack, the Front Line Desk Volley Officer must never hesitate or show any sign of duress. Rather, he must be able to return the volley with an even more embarrassing and devastating question, such as: "We may have it on microfiche. How good are your eyes?"


More persistent foes can be dealt with the familiar "Why don't you try (insert appropriate item)?" For example, if an assailant approaches

with fingers gangrenous, cut to shreds from having fallen prey to the ingenious booby trap known as the Card Catalog, and asks you if the library has a copy of Fortran's The Dialectic of Computation, return with, "Have you checked the Card Catalog?" (Be sure you smile when you say that.) When he raises his hands and shows you the missing cuticles and mangled fingers, retort with, "Let's make sure." This will make him doubt his abilities to see or read and will produce general discomfort.

After flipping through a few cards, carefully, announce, "It's a very rare item, and I'm afraid we don't have it in our collection. But fortunately the San Francisco Public Library has two or three copies. Why don't you call them? Better yet, I'll make a reservation for you on the next flight." Not only have you gotten rid of the pest, but he won't be back for days. And, with a bit of bargaining, you would probably be able to arrange a tidy kickback on telephone and airline charges, which in themselves could bolster an otherwise ailing budget.




Never forget that no matter how obscure or seemingly damaging the onslaught may be, the volley officer is never in any worse of a position than the enemy. In all my years of combat I have never known an assailant to actually know an answer. Research has shown that if he did, he would not be in that position in the first place. Therefore, the volley officer at all times has the upper hand. The attacker also trusts that whatever is said is true, and this makes him particularly vulnerable to any skilled officer. Here then is your opportunity to push your advantage home, both winning the skirmish and at the same time dismantling his offensive demeanor for several months.



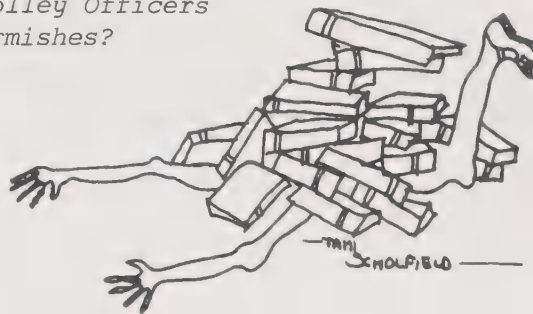
Take, for example, the following opener: "I need to know something about the arpeggios in southern Oklahoma during the Franco-Prussian War." Instead of hiding behind the card catalog routine, the truly virtuoso officer will probably respond with something like this:

"You realize, of course, that arpeggios were broken hoards. Some authors, such as Deschutes, have even maintained that they were hoards of a different color, though there is no indication of a slave trade in the near ancient far west. Since the hoards were indeed broken, they could not have been Prussian at all. No one, to my knowledge, has ever conceived of, much less spoken of, a broken Prussian. That they appeared in southern Oklahoma at this time would seem to indicate that they were rather Franco-Americans. The fact that the Francos were in merry cans, when seen in the light of the Americanization of arpeggios, adds to the growing evidence that the canned Franks were simply an extension of Italian cuisine in disunited states. What you probably need then is a book on Italian cookery as practiced by disunited cooks. Let me see... Ah! Here's one. And it does indeed include southern Oklahoma: Italian Cooking for Fun and Profit from Caesar to Chavez. If you need any more help, feel free to ask."



But despite all the adventure and excitement, my favorite times were those precious moments between battles, when I could lean back and pour over my favorite book: Statistical Abstracts of the United States. Why, did you know, there is even a table in there, divided by states, principal cities, race, and median income, giving figures on how many Front Line Desk Volley Officers read Statistical Abstracts when on leave between skirmishes?

Albert Zarth



IRRESISTIBLE GRACE

"This was known as the Doctrine of Irresistible Grace."

--John Rupp

She wears a Maiden-
Head, Cross-Yer-Tit, Thirty-7-Way-Stretch
Organic (with matching flowered harness) bra-
ssiere filled just to underflowing,
invitations from correct croquet clubs
posted on her umbrella showing
the blessed are yet meek:

Irresistible Grace.

Or "Gracie" to harried technicians of
Truth Beauty University where weekly
she commissioned manicures, gossip, hair-to-fiberglass conversions,
one day asking meekly
if Cosmetic Science could do more,
(for,
whatever Gracie lacked in poise and beauty
she made up in warts and money.)

"Of course!" hissed Mister Marvin in greedy greed,
"Just what you need: our Continental Silk-Purse Technique,
patented head-to-soul
surgerie plastique."

Known as The Most Beautiful
Doctor in the Western Hemisphere,
Gracie's surgeon was proof of his method.
He labored for six days;
on the seventh he billed.
The doctorin' of Irresistible Grace was fulfilled.

The doctor of course proposed;
she giggled
and wiggled
her pretty perfect aquiline nose,
and accepted.

Marvin White



TAMI
SCHOLFIELD

I FAIL TO SEE THE HUMOR

WATERMELON

*Knifing through patterned-green rind
Sweetwatery juices drain
From red, black-dotted meat.*

*Fragrance wafts from yesterday:
Between thumb and index, only I,
Among neighborhood compatriots,
Shot the tiny black missiles
Across backalleys into dust
Long baked by summer's sun.
Dust daily trampled by
The barefoot boots of cowboys
Under an indian's watchful eye.*

*Eating watermelons of yesterday
I spit my seeds a different way.*

POEMS BY NICK BAKER

BREAKERS

*Breakers,
Shattering on shoreline buttresses
Spit salted spray
At my bearded face.*

*Life sprawls clean before me;
I have come to dismount
The horse of time, lean back
Against a cactus of thought
And contemplate the current.*

*My hair is combed by fingers of wind
Puffed silently shoreward
By distant clouds;
I'll make no plans today, no schedule
With the trapping hands of time.*

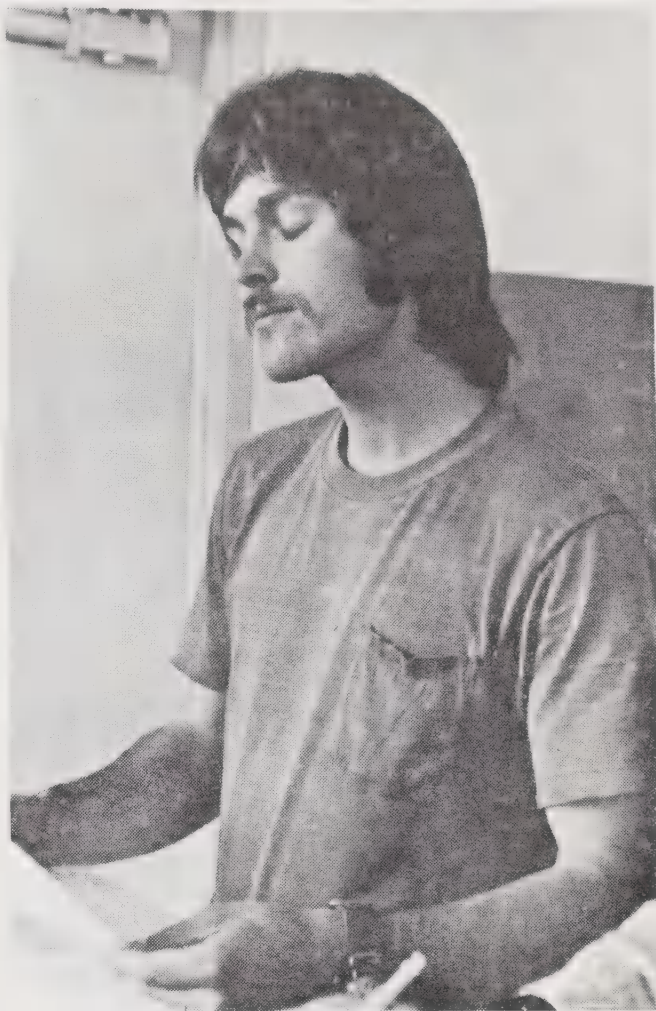
THE MILKMAN

*Caged bottles echo off morning dew
as Mr Milton hums his way
through the squeaking gate,
and shuffles up the weathered steps
punctually at seven.*

*I see his screened face,
white cap pushed back on head,
as fingers scratch grey, thinning hair
against a summer dawn.
There'll be no ice today boy
now that autumn's here.*

*A Walla Walla morning,
a boy, his dog, and dreams;
a cardboard attic bedroom-
the idling truck
on Locust Street.*

*Mr Milton hums his way
from Drumheller's to Dye's.
There'll be no ice today boy
now that autumn's here.*



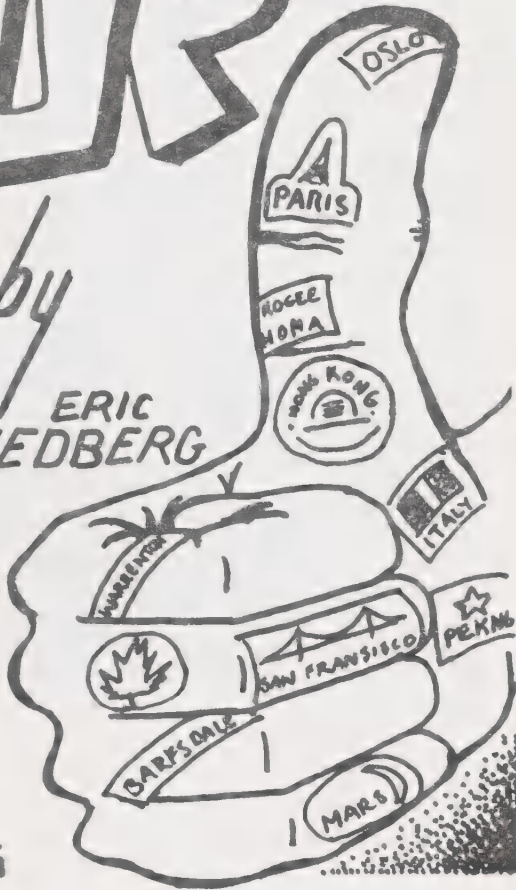
TO DAVE

*While overseas
I knew a man
Who slept in the fetal position,
Causing great laughter
To us who knew him.
Looking back,
I fail to see the humor.*

THUMBS

UP

by
ERIC SWEDBERG



Were you planning a vacation this summer before the invisible hand of inflation crept into your pockets? Well, don't be discouraged; reach for that can of Thornton's Thumb-shine and polish up your hooker. The roads and highways still stretch beyond the same horizons they ribboned over last summer, and your friendly thumb can still help you find that pot of golden rest and relaxation.

Nobody knows who the first hitchhiker was or how he got his start, but one thing is certain: his descendants have kept on truckin'. In an age of automation the thumber has survived all attempted anti-hitchhiking laws and his days no longer look so numbered. He trusts the human values of anyone piloting a speeding bullet down the highway. You can hitchhike anywhere, for any reason, business or pleasure, local or transient. And it's not difficult; just stand there and stick out your thumb.

The people who pick you up are usually like you. However, this is not a predictable pattern so beware, and pick your transportation carefully. The people who pick you up may be Jesus freaks, salesmen, John Birchers, horny homosexuals, or just plain freaks. And you may be in for a speech about something completely foreign to you, or something of no interest whatsoever, but smile complacently and think of those miles burning up behind you.

Women can count on rides from males, some having a much stronger interpretation of the "going my way" concept than others. Women should be leery of approaching trucks or luxury cars, as these seem to carry a majority of rapists. And men, beware of luxury cars driven by that "nice" friendly chap, he may be more friendly than you think. All riders will be safer, physically and mentally, if they refuse rides from anyone nipping the bottle.

While both men and women may find rides easier to snag when traveling alone, the woman will be safer if she

travels with a partner. It is handiest not to travel in groups of over three however, as each new member lessens the chances.

Persons who thumb while lying on their backs or sitting will usually have a longer wait than those walking or standing. Walking will bring the best results, but if the road shoulder is narrow, then your best bet is to find a wide spot and park their until that ol' ride comes. If someone pegs a beer can or bottle at you, don't get worked up; its a good inkling that you didn't want to ride with the turkey, anyhow.

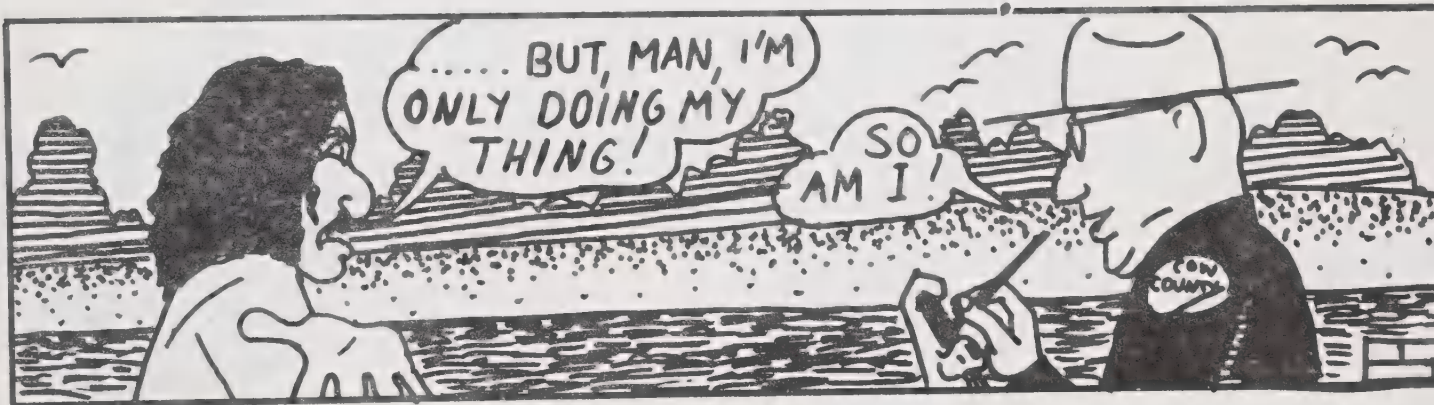
California and Washington have basically the same type of laws concerning hitchhiking. It is legal to hitch on two lane roads, sidewalks, and off ramps, but no one is allowed to thumb on freeways. Oregon law states that it's illegal to thumb on a roadway. This does not include sidewalks or private land. On the freeways this can be touchy, as the right of way on both sides is considered part of the roadway. The right of way is sixteen feet to either side and if you were to abide by the law you would probably be sitting in a cherry tree waving at passing cars. Most police will give you the benefit of the doubt if you

stand just off the shoulder of the highway, though.

Since the Supreme Court threw out vagrancy laws there's little worry about being arrested for anything except illegal hitch-hiking; and the police will seldom nab you in a neutral area, as they know they could be flirting with a false arrest suit. On the other hand, you can be busted quickly if you don't use common sense.

Don't carry anything more valuable than an inexpensive camera or transistor radio. Not everyone has your esteemed honesty. Clothing should be chosen with regard to the area of travel. Two pair of undergarments and socks, and one set of outer clothing are about all you'll need. Never carry more than you'll need, as you can pack any spare room with possible souvenirs, such as a cigar butt smoked by some passing stranger in Halifax.

Although hitchhiking isn't the fastest method of travel, taking about three hours for every 100 miles, the law of averages will usually get you where you're going.





OUR BIRTH

*I tensed in the startled air,
as white cardboard figures
gave orderly instructions,
as if changing oil
or knitting a sweater.*

*Spinster nurses grabbed you,
trying to steal a bit
of the experience;
or reinforcing their stuffed
ideas when the pain began.*

*Your sweat soaked gown
and grip of my hand
displayed the effort
cramped muscles make
at giving life.*

*Groans filled the hallway,
and "Is it..Is it.."
"It's alive and normal; a boy."
The white voice grinned its
boy-baby grin.*

*At your side, I smiled.
"It's over." (They wheeled
the next one in)*

*Your sigh reads: at last,
the end.
His cry reads: at last,
the beginning.*

Doug Sheaffer





207 74



KID NO. 1

(dedicated to Miss Lollipops of the Walla Walla General)

I like the nurses here
(he said)
calmly bringing flame
to a pocket bent cigarette.

They're so damn cute,
squeaking superiorly over
sterile marble floors
in white rubber wedgies.

Hell yes! I love 'em-
Why when Kimbie was born
they knew
(in that high fidelity manner)
they knew all along
what that kid was gonna be.

There lay the wife
sweatin' her ass off
tellin' anyone around
that the baby was comin'.
And that goddamn nurse
cute as a bug's ear
and smart as hell-
gives the wife a bedpan-
tells her to calm down.

My gawd - that nurse was smart,
knew all along
what my kid was gonna be.

Nick Baker

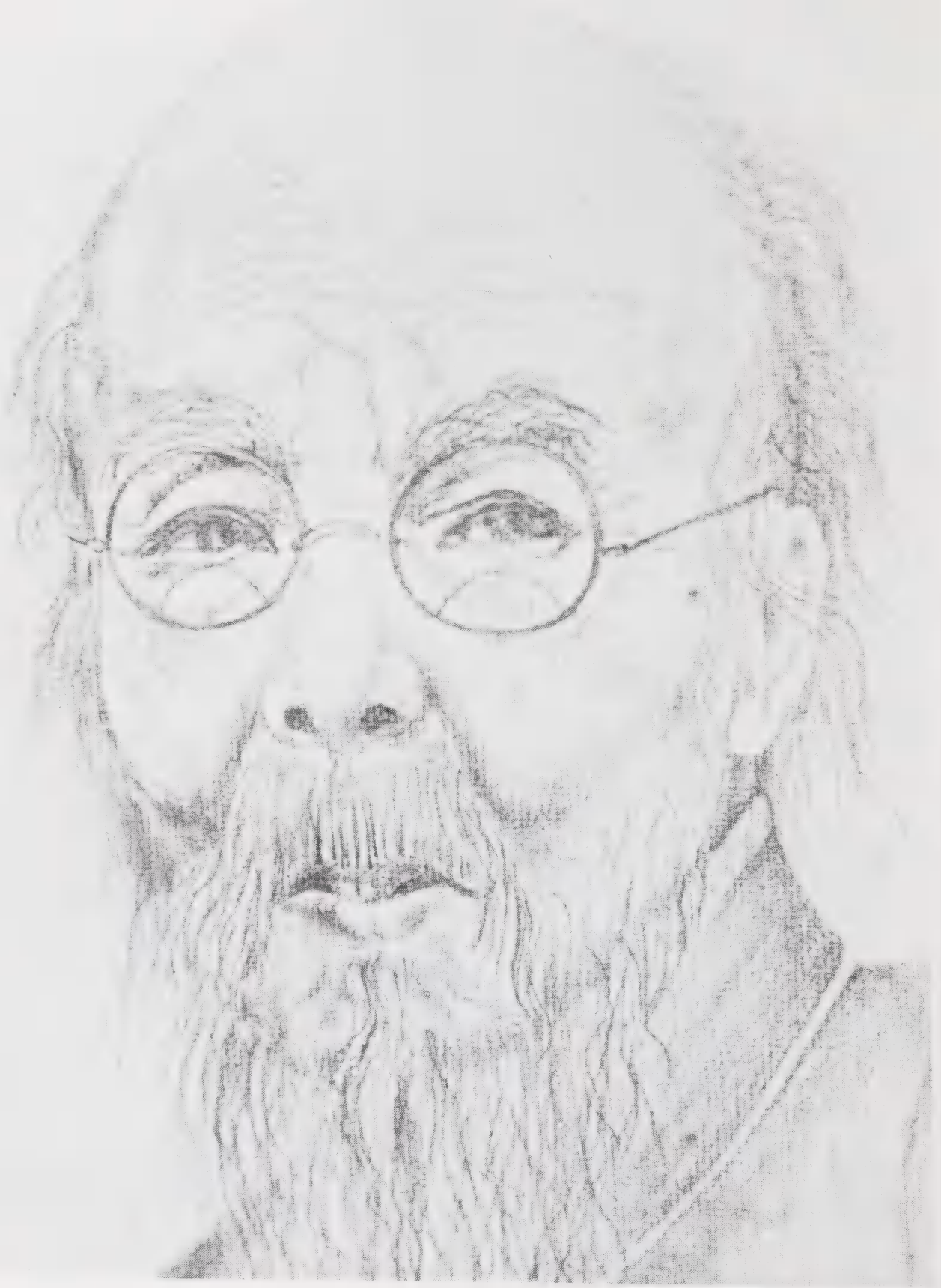




Chuck Meyer

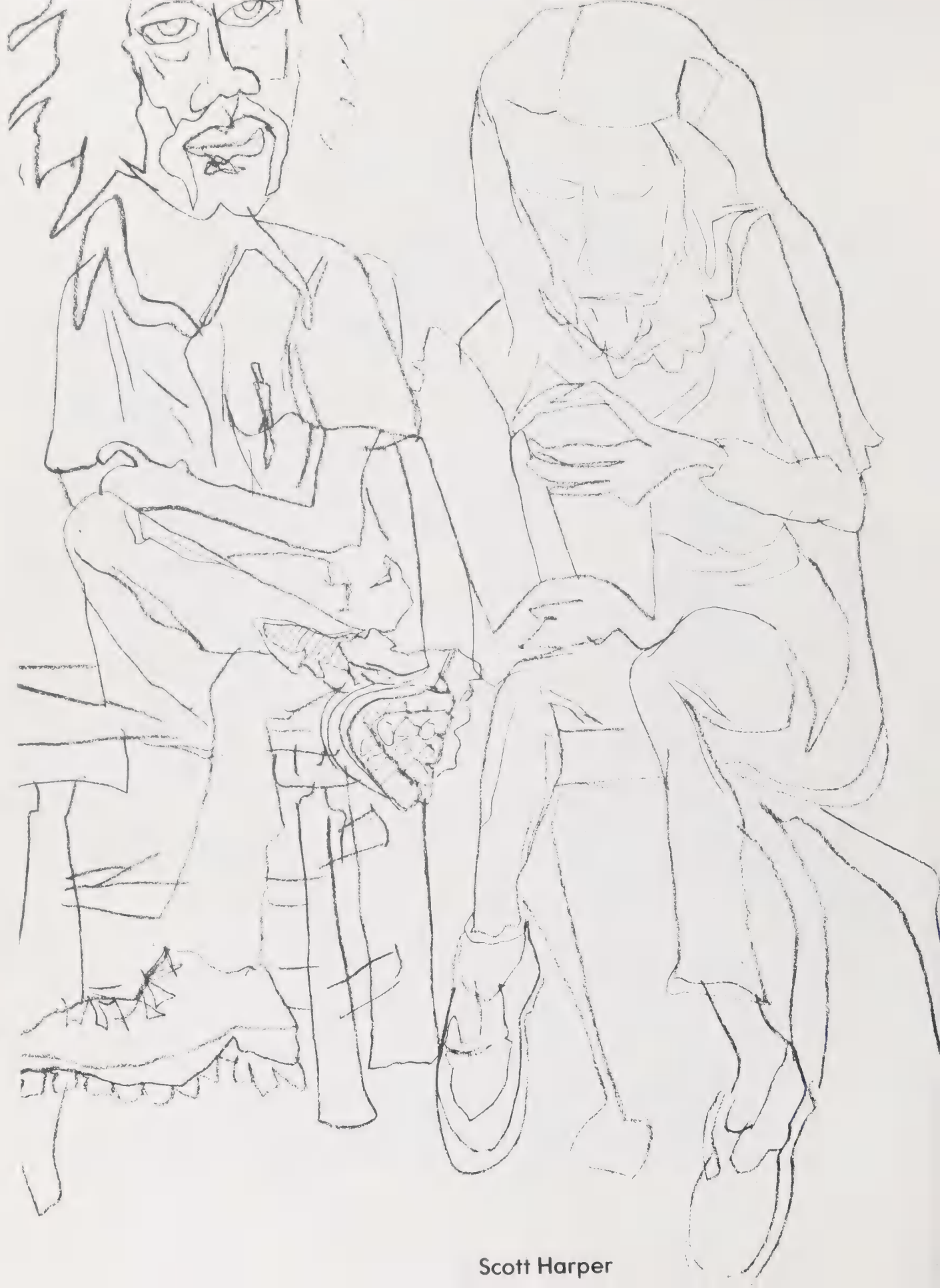
Mary Allen







Mary Allen



Scott Harper



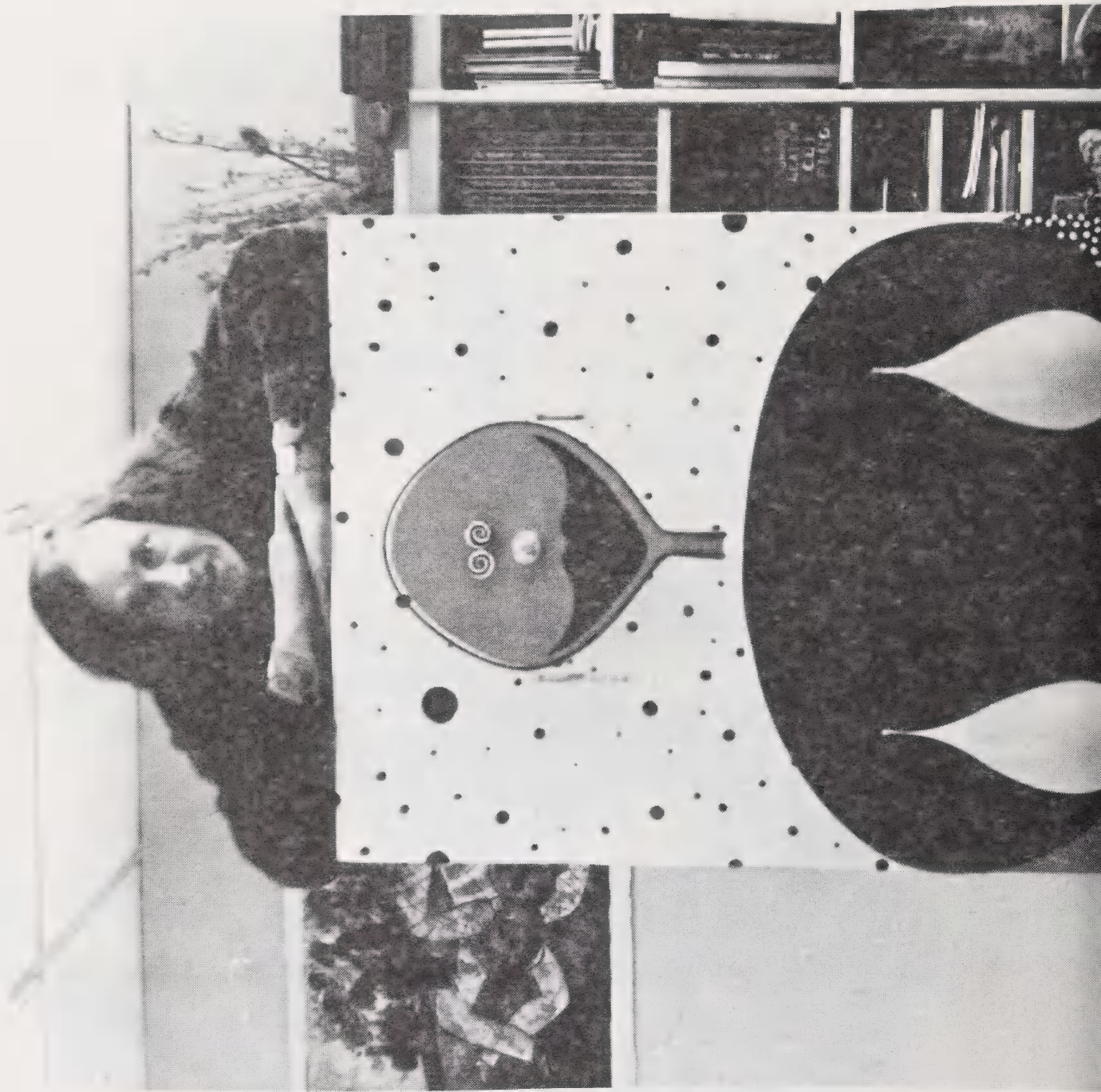
Eric Swedberg



Diane Jacobs

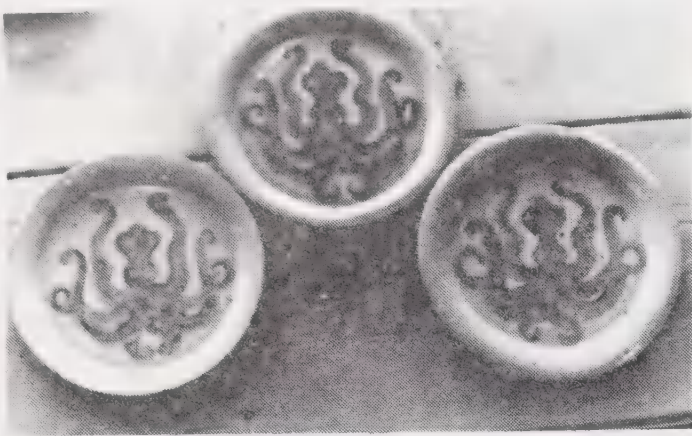


David Anderson

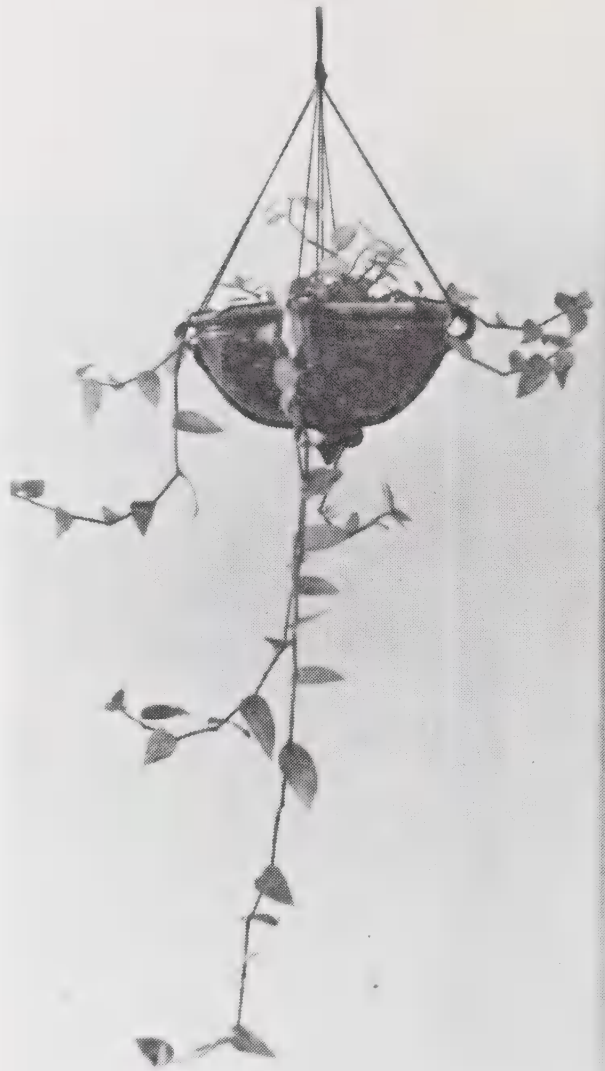


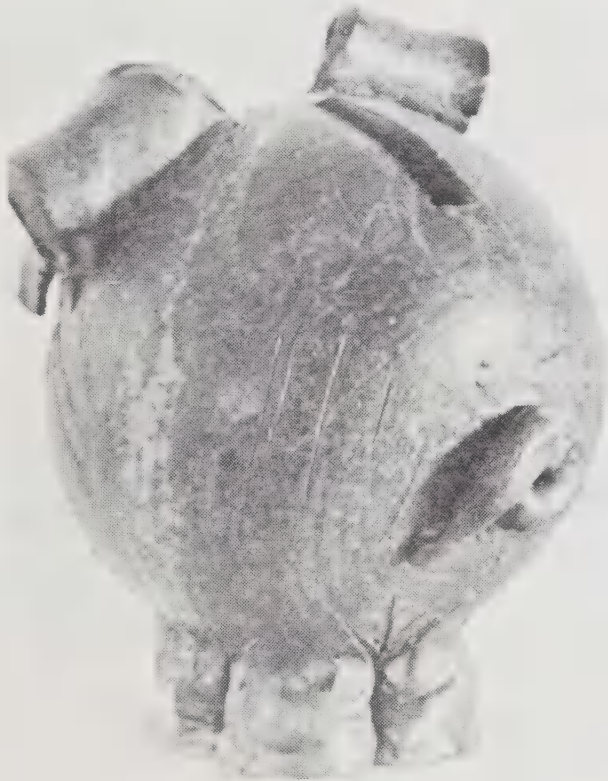
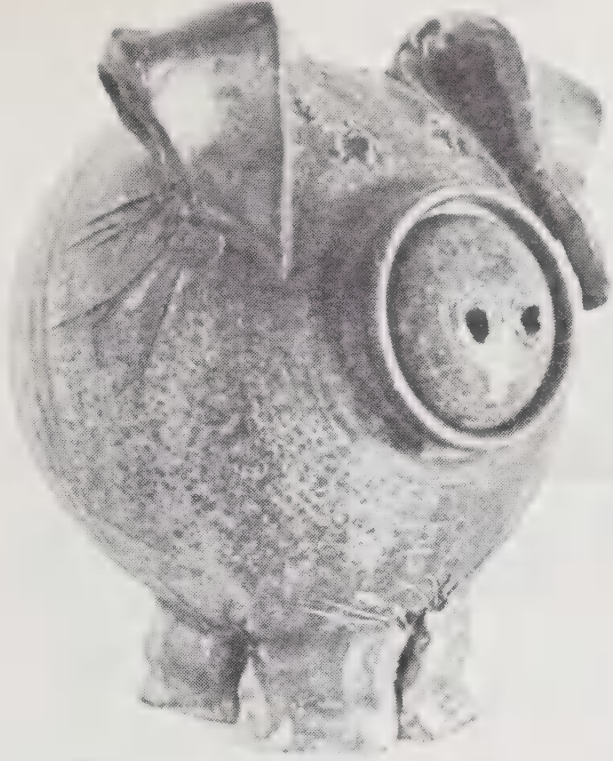


Gordon Cochran and "Sweet Daisy Delight"



Robin McRevey





Ann Hauser



Tami Scholfield



Diane Jacobs



1911
S. HOLLAND -



TAMI
SCHOLFIELD

Tami Scholfield



Rachel loved the meadow, gazed at it from her window, knew its moods and its seasons. It seemed independent of the flat land which approached its upper edges. Contained by wire and post, it moved with a life of its own, undulating softly, sloping to the trees at its foot.

Rachel thought of the meadow as a she. Softly voluptuous but made of enduring and earthy stuff. Her summer color was green, a green which seemed to catch and hold the sun's energy at midday. The blue sky courted her then. Mornings and evenings she yielded to the sky and let the shadows cast by the sun discover and reveal every rise and hollow.

In the autumn she was yellow and bound by the scarlet and gold of maple, the black-green of hemlock, fir and spruce and a low fringe of russet bracken. But now, the time of winter, her colors were subdued as though she was mourning her lost lover. And the grey skies moved close and mourned with her. Still, sensible in her grief, she kept her secrets and waited another season. Rachel also had her secrets, but for her there would be no other season.

She sat by the window, hands quietly folded in her lap. Her face, under sparse wisps of white hair, was an intricate design of fine lines etched in thin powdery skin. Her lips were thin and pale, lost at the corners in deep folds. The eyes, deeply set, were still bright, but there were those times now when they faded into the pale retreat that would soon become their habitual cast.

Rachel had walked through the meadow so many times on her way to the creek which flowed beyond the trees at the bottom. She knew the seductress was not always hospitable. Little ridges and holes could turn a foot or twist an ankle. Creeping blackberry vines lay hidden in the grass like forgotten barbed wire. And at this time of year, the widow's weeds were rusty and ragged when seen too close.

It's meadow
Nancy Morie

Rachel had been a widow, now, for many years. She couldn't remember how many. Her daughter, who had moved into the family home with husband and children after her father died, was in the kitchen, behind Rachel, heating soup and making sandwiches for lunch. She spoke now to her mother. "Would you like some of the tapioca pudding with your lunch, Mother? There's plenty left over from last night."

Rachel nodded. "Yes, that would be nice," she murmured. Her daughter, when she wasn't preoccupied with the affairs of her family, asked Rachel questions like that, knowing that there were few choices left for her now. There had been so many choices during her life. It was nice that there were no longer so many. Sometimes choices came hard.

She gazed at the foot of the meadow, where one of those choices had been made. She never looked there without a faint stirring of the memory. She had taken a lover there, so many years ago. There in the trees at the edge of the meadow. She had taken a lover and known something with him that she had not known with the serious, hard-working man who was her husband. She had met her lover there many times and she had said good-bye to him there, finally. Said good-bye, knowing that the love would remain, although he was leaving and she was choosing not to go with him. And finally, her love for him and her love for her husband had blended even as her memories of them both now seemed to have merged into the memory of one man.

Rachel had stayed with her husband and brought children into the world. And like the meadow, she had sustained her own. She took her children there and showed them where the china pheasants sheltered, where they fed and roosted. Together they had watched elk and deer graze, or noted signs of their passing. She liked the crows,

liked their crude mysticism. They were always there, feeding on the ground, circling or perched in the trees, watching.

Once, they had seen a mink sitting motionless on a stump in a steady grey downpour. And once, just once, during the spring salmon run, they had watched the bald eagle, soaring over the meadow in lonely majesty.

Her daughter came now to stand behind her, touching hands lightly on her shoulder. "Lunch is ready, Mother."

"Yes....." Rachel loved the meadow. Together they had shared their secrets. They had become companions in solitude.

GRANDMA

Memories of has beens
Flicker in the eye
Of the old woman sitting there
As she always sits, silent.
Old wood rocking chairs creak
With her aging body
As she asks our names
Once again

Brown eyes deeply staring
From a white hospital bed
Answer faintly, "uh, huh, grandpa"
To an ancient partner
Standing patiently at her side.

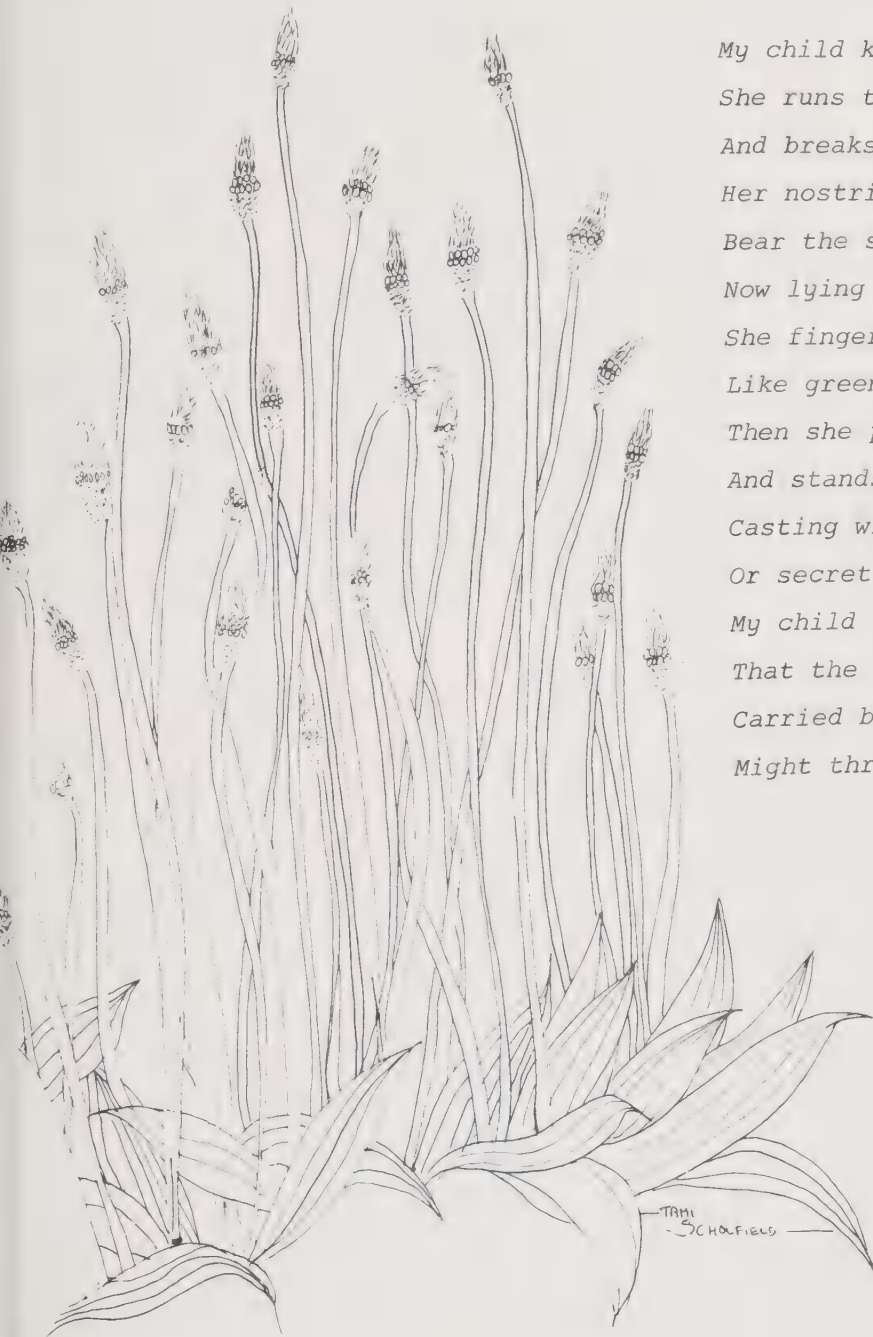
Pansies growing in a tub
And cactus on the porch--
A cookie jar never empty
When we came for a visit.

Sondra Bain

CELEBRATION OF DANDELION

*My child knows the dandelion.
She runs to the golden sunburst in the grass
And breaks its green satin stem.
Her nostrils flaring over pungent odor
Bear the stain of pollen.
Now lying on her belly
She fingers leaves, notched and a little furry
Like green construction paper, folded and cut.
Then she picks a ghostly globe of seed
And stands and runs again,
Casting wishes or kisses
Or secret messages on the breeze.
My child doesn't worry
That the seeds of a humble weed,
Carried by the wind
Might thrive, crowding the polite grass.*

Nancy Morely



FEEDING CHICKENS AT AGE NINE

Wolves sat poised
in the thicket bordering the field.
Two could kill a man, I'm sure.
There were seven or eight in the thicket.
The dark December evening hid their eyes and teeth
while they waited for me
to make the wrong move.
Once inside the chickenyard, I slipped quietly
into the chickenhouse,
dumped the pellets into the trough
and was out again
before the old half-starved hens stirred on the roosts.
On the way back up the road to the house,
I warded the wolves off with my flashlight.

During the long night, it was not wolves,
but the owls who threatened.
One night, two hens were snatched from their roost.
They must have been both smothered and beaten to death
by the owls' heavy wings.
The next morning, I found where one of the owls had feasted.
One of the chicken wings was still resting
on top of the telephone pole across the field.
The other lay frozen to the ground below
where it had dropped through the dark night
and laid steaming in the cold mud.

Then one morning toward spring,
I found two hens dead and rainsoaked
in front of the chickenyard gate.
I hurried to the house and brought back gloves to handle them with.
I picked them up by the feet, one in each hand.
Their wings fell open and flopped against my pantlegs
as I dragged them out of the chickenyard,
across the road,
and down the hill to the swamp.
First one and then the other
I swung out
and let fall
through the dead rushes
and new, green water weeds
where the swamp mud would suck them up
and the wolves could not get them.

GUPPIES

On her tenth birthday,
Denise was given four guppies:
two males and two females.
One of the males died on the day of the party.
The other, she named after me.
I didn't hear about it for at least a week,
but I was flattered when I heard how many
and how beautiful the offspring were.
The next time I saw Denise, she was in a hurry
to meet a friend at the park on Seventh Street
but she stopped long enough to tell me
that I had died and that her older brother
had flushed me down the toilet as soon as I was discovered.
Before running on, she took care to console me
with the fact that she had already
named the brightest green male offspring
Alden II.

WILD CHILDREN

Wild children,
turned loose on one summer's countryside,
we stalked squirrels with dirt clods
and skewered salamanders on long spears.
Grass snakes slithered out of our path
unless detected by a watchful eye
and trampled.
All-fierce scavengers,
our bravery waned when thunder threatened.
Then we were weary refugees
with our berrystained fingers
and our berrystained faces,
huddled together under spruce trees:
squatting aboriginal style, eyes outward toward the downpour.
That was the summer we leaned so comfortably
on reality,
Knowing that when we got tired of our wilderness games
there was a short road home.



POEMS BY

ALDEN BORDERS



DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

Washington D.C.

TOP SECRET
FUBAR

30 June 74

Commander

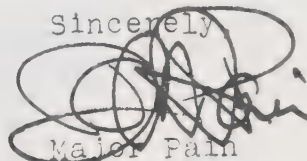
Sixth Army

Fort Ord, Calif.

General Harôash:

This report was siezed by C.I.A. agents just before it was to go to press. For obvious security reasons, the public must be protected from the following information.

Sincerely,



Major Pain

U.S. Army Security Agency

MAP/pu

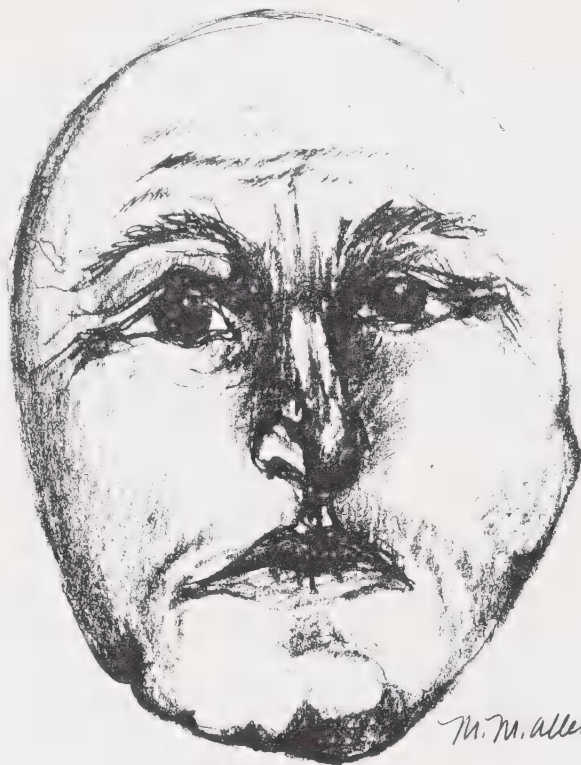
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What Really Caused the Great Disaster
of the Western Half of Oregon?

Rain was the cause of the great disaster, "a substance which is a¹
is a condensed moisture that falls in the form of drops from the clouds,"
and just happens to land mainly on the Western half of Oregon. "The
cause of the great disaster started October 8, 1973, and finally ended
on the eighth day of June 1974,"² after it had finished off the Western
half of Oregon and its population, except for one survivor, Harry Fish.

Oregon always was a rainy state, by "rain would stop for a day after³
raining for a week, and would do this consecutively." On the day of
October 8, 1973, a day on which it wasn't supposed to rain, it did rain.
Thus began the day of the great disaster of the western half of Oregon.
According to the Washington Press, the Oregonians never kept track of
when it didn't rain and when it did, because they were getting to become
more like ducks every day. They also said that they could take rain any⁴
day at any time, not realizing at all that if they didn't start think-
ing rationally about their problem with rain, the western half of Oregon⁵
would become a little inlet from the ocean."

The first couple of months weren't so bad. Although there had been
a few landslides, nothing serious had happened. However, with Oregon that
is just a regular winter, and nothing much was thought of it. Even in the
third through the fifth months when the slides started getting serious,
"the Oregonians said, 'Oh, that has happened before; we'll just ask for a

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FUBAR

little state aid from Congress to help patch up some of the houses." ⁶
The rest of the nation began to wonder and worry about Western Oregon
when Highway #101 started sliding into the ocean, but then figured that ⁷
Oregon knew exactly what was taking place.

"In the sixth month Oregon had gained a few more lakes, and by some ⁸
strange coincidence the mountains were getting shorter," and still ⁹
"everyone figured that everyone knew what everyone was doing." The sad
day came when one morning an "Eastern Oregonian looked out his window and
noticed he had an ocean beach instead of a garden in his back yard." ¹⁰
"And so it was, on June 8, 1974, the day of the Great Disaster that came ¹¹
to the Western half of Oregon." This was the day when the rest of the
nation was in a great state of mourning over the great loss.

On June 22, 1974, two weeks later, "a man was seen swimming fren- ¹²
tically to shore." "When he finally reached the shore, he collapsed ¹³
(sic) from exhaustion." After a few minutes he caught his breath, and
said his name was Harry Fish and that he was from the Western half of
Oregon. Since he was from the Western part of Oregon, Harry said he knew
exactly what had happened to Western Oregon, but because he didn't want
anything to do with what they, the Western Oregonians, were going to do,
they told him he had to swim to where he wanted to go; that is, if he ¹⁴
could make it. Here is Harry Fish's story as told to the Time Magazine:

The people were getting sick and tired of the pollution prob-
lems, the shortage problems, and the Watergate problems, so
they finally decided to let the watergate fly open. They
brought in all of their Indians to do their rain dance for
seven months, because they knew that it would take that much
rain at that long of a time to sink the western half of Oregon.

TOP SECRET
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During this space of time the people were to practice a certain way to breathe that would enable them to live under water, and also get away from all the problems of the world.¹⁵

"After the nation heard this, they said, 'Western Oregon sure doesn't need our pity, we need theirs.'¹⁶"

Questions came up about what should be done with Eastern Oregon. It just couldn't be called Oregon any more, because it wasn't Oregon but only half of it. Everyone wondered if it should be joined with Idaho, Washington, or with California.¹⁷ Finally, they (the Government) decided to just drop the Ore off of Oregon and call it Gon. "But the Gon should have been called Ore because the ore was left, and the Ore called Gon because the Ore part was gone."¹⁸

There have been many searches performed by the Navy and by many different skin-divers to see if they could locate Western Oregon, but so far, none have been successful. "Many people wonder just how they managed to perform such a task as that, and hope that maybe someday it will be discovered so they too can live without problems."¹⁹

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NOTES

- 1 Rain Mann, All About Rain. (Washington, 1970), p. 1.
- 2 Bill Pill, The Great Disaster. (California, 1980), p. 18.
- 3 Pill, p. 37.
- 4 "More like Duck", Washington Press, June 12, 1974, p. 1.
- 5 Oscar Head, "Psychology for Today", True Magazine, 30:16, June 9, 1974.
- 6 "Oregon For State Aid," The Oregonian, January 18, 1974, p. 2.
- 7 Richard Pity, "Poor Oregon," New York Press, February 8, 1974, p. 3.
- 8 "More Lakes," National Geographic, 56:29-30, April 3, 1974.
- 9 Bill Cosby, "Bill Cosby Show," ABC TV, 6:00 p.m., June 26, 1974.
- 10 "What Happened," Eastern Oregon Press, June 8, 1974, p. 1.
- 11 Huntley Brinkley, "News for Tonight," NBC TV, 6:00 p.m., June 8, 1974.
- 12 "Western Oregonian Appears," Nashville News, p. 1, June 23, 1974.
- 13 "Man Ashore," Eastern Oregon Press, June 22, 1974, p. 1.
- 14 "Man Ashore," p. 7.
- 15 "Harry Fish's Story," Time Magazine, 50:33ff., July 3, 1974.
- 16 "Western Oregonian Appears," p. 10.
- 17 Head, p. 35.
- 18 Cosby, 2:30 p.m.
- 19 Pill, p. 269.



GULF OF TONKIN

Days seem longer out here, perhaps because they are continually counted, and marked off religiously on lockers, beneath overhead racks, and in the head on stall walls. New, yet dreary paint superficially covers scars from previously disenchanted voyagers and long forgotten cruises. In thirty-five days of coastal support, I have seen daylight only twice; working the eighteen hour day, I spend spare time trudging up ladders, down ladders, bruising my shins on knee-knockers, washing down greasy instant potatoes, gristley hamburger, muggy rice, and navy beans with warm soda. In a ten by thirty foot compartment I sleep with another twenty-nine reeking men, beneath six inches of hot, screeching steel, where bomb laden aircraft are launched endlessly into an endless war. Every third day fresh water is rationed for an hour. With wooden teeth and ripe, pungently reeking skin, I emerge from the ship's steaming bowels to cool in the clammy tropical air.

A shimmering, golden-orange, three quarter moon glides evasively through the blue-gray, black, wispy white, and foreboding eastern hemisphere like a lunated angel of death searching from celestial heights its unsuspecting mortal prey. A rippling, ever widening, sheening yellow pathway invades

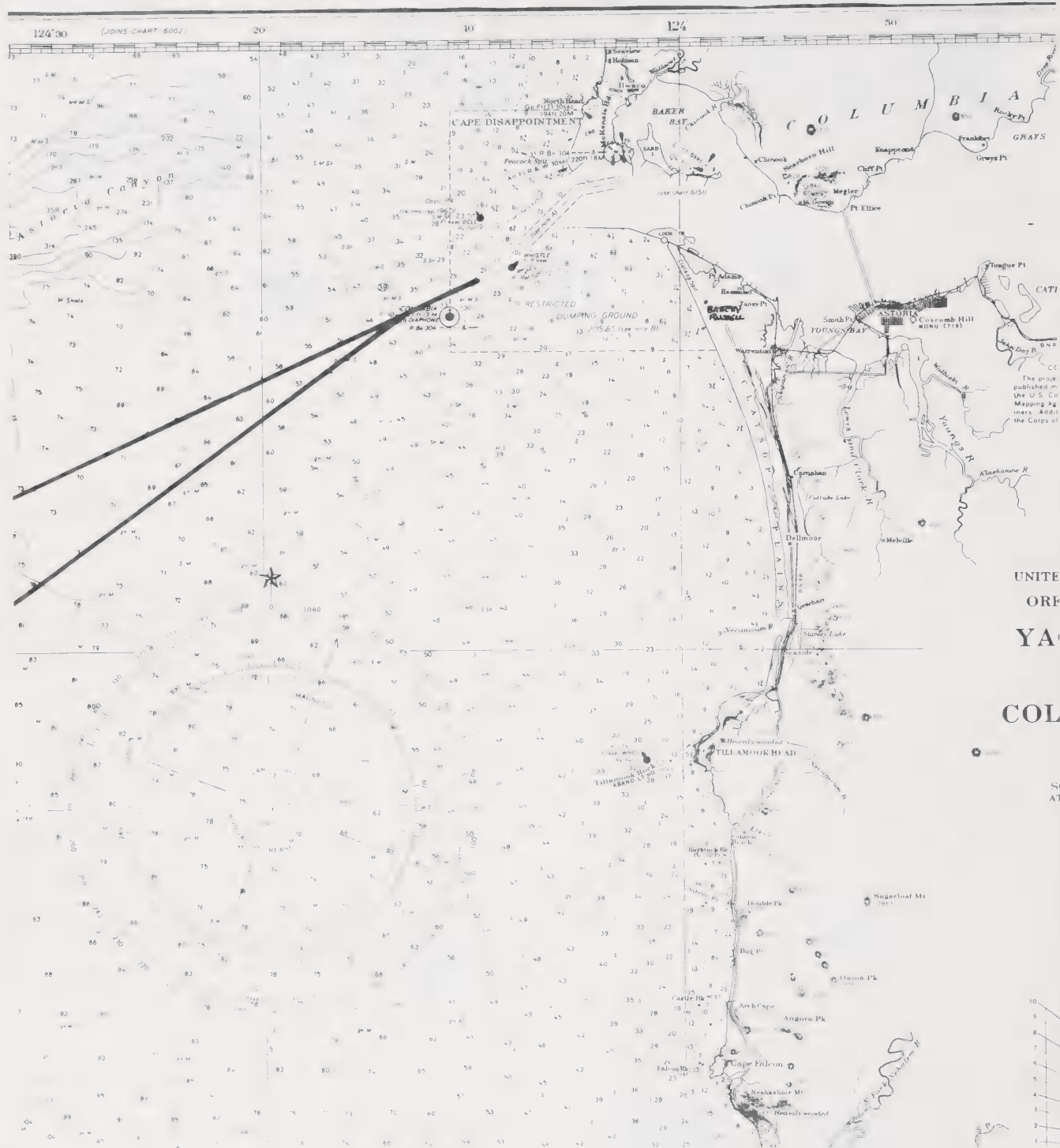
from an undelineated horizon. What sailors call phosphorous glitters in the moon lit water like a small city viewed at night from atop some distant mountain. And the familiar, yet unpatterned, vegetated landforms, often looming from a misted horizon, are beyond the earth's curvature, and swallowed by nightfall. The cold, deep blue, mysterious Tonkin Gulf waters are tranquil, except for rhythmical lapping swells on gray steel ninety feet below my perch.

Death and destruction ride the night wind; peace is a figment of the idle mind. Such serenely morbid beauty teases a lonely soul, inviting morose moodiness.

Fatigue suddenly seeps through my bones and pervading homesickness beckons to submerged self pity. What sequence of events are to blame for transporting me to this particular place in time, detached from "the world", alone, and forgotten? On the black canvas of night I attempt to mentally paint familiar faces now so distant in their laughter. And the constantly changing seascape jeers at my solitary silhouette, as hunched and weary I slip forward, am swallowed by a gray door, and once again devoured by the futile reality of war.

Nick Baker

Clatsop County at War: Battery Russell 1942





Meandering through bleak rooms, my footsteps echo off gray concrete walls sporadically scratched with names and initials. The overpowering smell of mildew and urine wafts from damp corners. An occasional smear of white-wash seemingly glorifies spots where uninvited scriptures poise on the edge of vulgarity. Outside, a few signs and a cyclone fence transform this mausoleum-like structure of chipped concrete and rusting metal into a park.

Battery Russell, once a gun battery teeming with soldiers, now silently crumbles into a deserted playground for whoever might stumble across it. But what was it like? How was it in the war?

Chuck Smith, well known in the science department of Clatsop College as a ready right hand to physics and geology teachers, was there. He ser-

ved as supply sergeant of the 249th Coastal Artillery Regiment at Battery Russell in 1941. Originally from the Coos Bay area, Chuck was stationed at Camp Clatsop, now Camp Rilea, in 1940. With the spring of 1941 the entire regiment was transferred to Fort Stevens and assigned to Battery Russell with her ten inch disappearing guns.

Things were typically military; the daily routine, up at a set time, daily duties posted on typed forms, eating chow in a makeshift messhall, and drinking beer and playing cards when off duty. Out of the endless, mindless, ever repeating daily drudgery, two things happened that stand out in Chuck's mind.

December 7, 1941 while Pearl Harbor was under Japanese attack, a guard detail was being organized at Battery Russell to enforce coastal blackouts.



Loaded with Christmas goods, the Mauna Ala, a Matson freighter enroute from Seattle to Honolulu received radio communication to turn back to the nearest port. Heading eastward she neared the lightship off the mouth of the Columbia when both radio and light navigational guides went dead.

Captain C. W. Saunders Jr. and his confused officers picked up a partial blinker signal from an unidentified passing vessel. The only message they could decipher were the letters H-A-?-T which they interpreted as halt. The Mauna Ala reduced her speed to dead slow for a time, but upon receiving no further directions and not observing any lights she resumed speed in hopes of sighting the lightship.

The soldiers of Battery Russell manned machine gun nests at various points along the beach from the South Jetty to Gearhart. No one knows what passed through their minds as they watched the ship turn and steam for shore in the early evening gloom. Plowing through light surf the Mauna Ala ran aground seven hundred feet from shore, just a little south of the famous Peter Iredale.

The crew and some of the cargo were highlined off her with the help of soldiers. Within hours the bulkheads were carried away by the sea and after twelve days she had broken in half, the hull had jack-knifed and she had dropped more than twelve feet into the sand.

Sgt. Smith and the other soldiers supposedly had control of the beach, but people walked up from Gearhart and Seaside to scavenge for perishables, such as turkeys, packages of yeast, fruit cakes, and tins of English toffee that floated in. The 30,000 Christmas trees washed in neatly bundled and covered with oil from a ruptured tank. In less than a year the ship had slipped quietly into the devouring sands and pounding surf. Leaving behind only her oil decorated trees.

Then came the night of remembrance, June 12, 1942. The Japanese submarine I-25, commanded by Lt. Cmdr. Meiji Tagami, fired on the coastal defenses with his 5.5 inch deck gun. Sgt. Smith described the event.

"There were four or five of us in one of the wooden shacks when we first heard the sub fire. We all thought at first that it was the French 75 Battery up at the river. That was a battery with which they challenged ships coming in across the bar. We had both gun commanders in the shack with us. These guys were really regular army, every time we had a drill or maneuvers these two would have us dressed up in steel pots, gun belts with all the junk on them, field packs, side arms, gas masks; everything. They were strictly by the book military."

"We didn't realize we were being fired upon until we heard the shells whistle as they came in. That was when we started to scramble. Those gun commanders were both big men. They grabbed all their gear and hit the doorway at the same time. They backed up, looked at each other, and did it again. This happened four or

five times before they finally made it out of there."

"By the time the rest of us got out soldiers were running everywhere in the dark. One guy was supposed to be in an observation post which was quite a distance from the battery. About the time the guns were ready he scrambled into a weapons carrier and drove up an access road to turn around. In order to avoid hitting people he turned on his lights. When he drove up on that turn-around his headlights showed half way to Tokyo, and before he'd gotten turned around there were shells stepping right up the beach toward the battery."

"A lieutenant stood out on the front of the battery and tried to time the shells from their flash to impact and get an idea of the range. All he had to see with was a book of paper matches. When he saw the flash of the gun, he'd light a match to see his watch, but before the shell hit it'd go out, everytime. We were ordered not to return fire for two reasons. First of all, the enemy was well beyond our gun range, our maximum being 14,500 yards. And secondly, the flash of our guns firing would have given away our exact location and we didn't know how many were out there. Despite what that marker on the beach road says, I only heard nine rounds come in, not eighteen."

At the end of WWII Battery Russell was abandoned and left to the will of nature. Now a park, the guns, the wooden shacks, and the men have long since disappeared, leaving only scarred concrete and rusting reinforcement, and a few memories in the hearts of one time soldiers.

Mike Cottam



TALKING TO THE WIND

Through the centuries we have sought a way for people to join together and live in a world where existence depends upon a delicately balanced cycle; a cycle which many have ignored and abused. But it is here, and the need for survival has caused much concern. There is hope, a hope that grows, and a sense that a wounded planet can yet regenerate and revive the consciousness of nature in its people.

The American Indians, as well as other so-called savages, have believed that everything has life or a spirit. The trees, the grasses, the waterfalls and rapids, the mountains, the sun, the birds, and the animals were part of the earth and were equal. Many Indian legends and much of their art reflect feelings toward the environment with which they lived. They believed that the spirits of nature controlled nature; that all things lived, and relied upon one another for the elements of survival. Thus, instead of trying to overpower nature they learned to adapt and work with it. They took only what was needed and wasted nothing. Their religion, their culture, and their society were based upon this harmonious relationship with nature.

As an Indian leader so aptly stated, "In the early days we were close to nature. We judged time, weather conditions, and many things by the elements - the good earth, the blue sky, the flying of geese, and the changing winds. We looked to these for guidance and answers. Our prayers and thanksgivings were said to the four winds: to the East Wind, from whence the new day was born; to the South Wind, which sent the warm breeze which gave a feeling of comfort; to the North Wind, the mother of winter, whose sharp air awakened a time of preparation for the long days ahead; and to the West Wind, where each day closed its eyes on the land. We lived by the hands of Gods through nature and evaluated the changing winds to tell us or warn us of the tomorrows."

Perhaps he gazed with sadly absent eyes over a land once his as he concluded his discourse in somber mellowness tinged with hope, "Today we are again evaluating the changing winds. May we be strong in spirit and equal to our fathers of another day in reading the signs accurately and interpreting them wisely. May Wah-Kon-Tah, the Great Spirit, look down upon us, guide us, inspire us, and give us courage and wisdom. Above all, may he look down upon us and be pleased."

Bruce Myers

WASHINGTON MOUNTAINS THROUGH ASTORIA WINDOW

*The mountains are only shadow,
a darker black against the dusk sky.
Timber covered peaks conquer the clouds,
but the distance is great
and the trees
are only in my mind.*

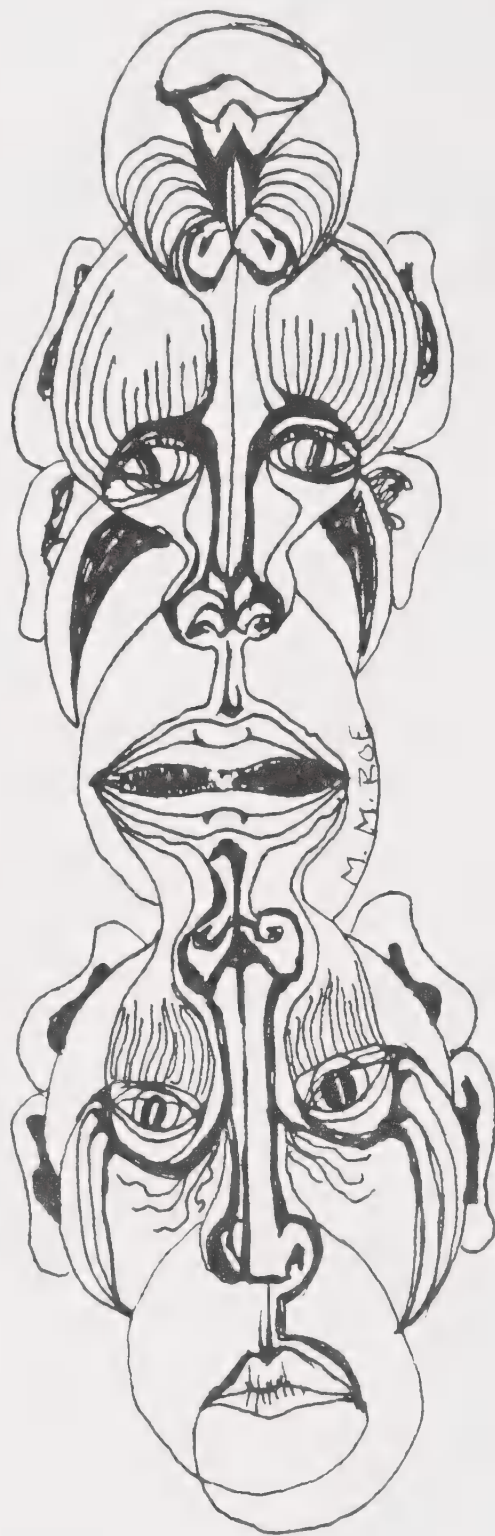
*I have walked those trails,
unseen from here, with clumps of fern
and mossy roots marking the way.
Sunlight shafts and dew drenched branches
glow in memory, bringing love
for these hills;
where elk herds snort and bawl their way
to hidden meadows,
and rarely-seen coyotes flee
for safety.*

*I first saw eagles there,
just above the treetops.
The huge wings stirred only occasionally,
to keep them afloat.
And a skunk,
fat with fluffed-up hair,
waddling busily through low, thick brush.*

*The night grows darker now,
until even the shadows are dim and unclear.
Hill sides blend with the horizon
and I leave the mountains
to wait for me.*

Doug Sheaffer





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DAYSTORM

*There is a quiet forest standing
across the road, with smells
of moss and brush.*

*Green on green and brown branches
stir softly in a breeze.
Hardened droplets of sap cling to
thick black bark of an ancient tree.*

*Sky is turning dark grey and mist falls,
gradually gaining speed and size.
A crack of thunder ... echoing ... and
leaves and branches swirl with
moving air currents.*

Raining ... hard ...

*It ceases abruptly, sun ... barely visible
through a haze
and all is motionless ... again.*

Lisa Holm



TANI
SCHOLFIELD

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